THE New Republic

Kefauver Passes the Collection Plate in Minnesota

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THAT $2,500 CONTRIBUTION

When Senators Look a Gift Horse in the Mouth

★

Stevenson Since '52 . . . *by Gerald W. Johnson*

Collectivism—U.S. Brand . . *by Robert Engler*

These Be Thy Gods . . . . . *by Robert Graves*

MARCH 5, 1956

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Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

Outside the big windows snowflakes mingled with rain. Dulles was testifying in the Senate Caucus Room. A claque of well-dressed women in the rear of the big crowd clapped gloved hands as Dulles threw them an occasional patriotic cliché. Democratic Senators pressed hard on the 43-hour Saudi Arabian tank embargo. The Administration, you remember, panicked when the press suddenly discovered 18 tanks were going to Saudi Arabia. Hagerty woke up the recuperating President at midnight in Georgia to countermand the shipment; then later the Administration got itself under control again and the tanks were sent.

Beside Dulles sat Herbert Hoover Jr., heavy, handsome, wooden, at the witness table. Dulles had been on vacation during the tank mess; Hoover was Acting Secretary of State. As Hoover testified, Dulles quietly left his chair, moved into the audience. It was done so easily, so suavely, that the cagey man seemed to dematerialize. Dulles, who spends so much time traveling that sometimes it is hard to know who is really running the Department, seemed to be disassociating himself from the whole blunder.

Irritated Senators called Dulles back. More rain behind the gloomy windows. Now Dulles made the most astonishing comment of the week: Moscow's recent change of tactics to economic pressure is a confession of *weakness*, he said, a sign of Western *strength*! It is hard to convey the sensations of the moment: Jaws dropped. Reporters gasped. Could Dulles be serious? This reporter felt a moment of doubt. Then he recovered. No, obviously Dulles did not mean what he was saying; he was just scoring a debater's point, saying one thing, thinking another. It is true the Administration seems incapable of devising an answer to Moscow's new economic warfare, but it is not so stupid as to fail to grasp its effectiveness. Reporters relaxed. Just another of Dulles' tricks, they concluded; Dulles loves them—thinks they are part of a shrewd political role which he conceives himself as playing. It is the game of brinkmanship. The public wants reassurance. He supplies it. Reporters wrote it straight, shrugging their shoulders. Dulles is Ike's man, Ike is father-image to the nation, everything in foreign affairs is splendid (except that we are losing the Cold War).

The Negroes' economic rise may be the story of this century. So long as the Negro had little education and no economic power his political advance depended on charity. Now he is getting a long lever, purchasing power, that is bound to grow all the time. One of the first tentative uses of this lever is in the bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama. It is a form of passive resistance: significant historically, whether or not this particular boycott is successful.

In the Union Station of Washington at this time there is an exhibit called "Peoples' Capitalism," prepared by big corporations and designed ultimately for export to India and other backward nations to show everybody how well off Americans are. Maybe it will do some good; in our judgment it is both condescending and useless to show Hindus in loin-cloths American cars and pink-shell toilet seats. The theory, however, is that we have so much to teach the Indians. Now it is ironical that India has made its own export to the United States—in operation right now in Alabama; it is something invented by a little man in a loin-cloth named Gandhi, and it is called passive resistance. It is a thing of the spirit and a great deal more potent in world affairs than plumbing fixtures, though we suppose it is terribly galling to American tycoons to be told so, as it was to the British Raj. Maybe we can teach the backward nations more after we learn that they have something to teach us.

On Thursday of this week America's legal minimum wage rises from 75 cents an hour to $1. It affects immediately two million workers getting less than the dollar rate, and it will set off a series of ascending ripples of additional pay boosts because higher-paid workers want to keep the present scale of wage differentials which they now hold above the lowest group. This is a big shot in the arm for the American economy. Estimates are that it will release half a billion dollars annually. And mark this: the new increases will be spent right away. The lower income groups don't save money; they spend what they get almost instantly. This money will go into the economic stream like food injected intravenously into a human body. This is a good thing for equalizing spending power, but it is also a factor that could push a little more toward inflation, especially if joined later on with tax cuts and more federal spending.

This column has emphasized several times the intimate connection between the oil lobby and the 27.5-percent depletion-tax allowance which puts the gas and oil industry in a specially favorable position. To protect this billion-dollar privilege the oil industry is bound to maintain unceasing pressure on Congress. The racket has been such a good thing that all the other extractive industries have gradually horned in on it. The rebate is graduated for each industry like tariff concessions. Even a man who starts a gravel or sand pit or who digs oyster and clam shells out of a bank, gets a tax rebate—you probably won't believe this, but it is five percent! The original purpose of the depletion allowance in 1926 was to stimulate lagging oil production. The 27.5-percent oil allowance hasn't been changed in 30 years, and as corporate-tax rates have risen the value of the flat percentage has enormously increased. We are glad to report now that four Senate Republican conservatives — Williams (Del.), Aiken (Vt.), Smith (Me.) and Purtell (Conn.) — have agreed to offer an amendment to every tax bill hereafter presented cutting the oil-depletion allowance down to 20 percent. Columnist Doris Fleeson points out that the four initials spell "WASP." What with the current lobby inquiry the public may at last become aware of this tax-loophole iniquity and the "Wasp" may leave a sting. Note that it is the Republicans who are taking the lead—the Johnson-Rayburn Democratic leadership is hitched to Texas oil.

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THE PRESIDENCY

NO MAN elected President at 65 has lived out his term in the White House. No man with a damaged heart has accepted his party's Presidential nomination. Rarely in our history has the burden of the Presidency been more oppressive than it is today. And yet it seems probable that Mr. Eisenhower will permit his party to draft him for a second term.

Mr. Eisenhower's decision is reached after 11 days of testing himself. The nature of the testing is in itself suggestive. Testing one's capacity to bear the weight of the Presidency, some might assume, would involve subjecting one's self to the full physical and emotional burden of the office. For Mr. Eisenhower, on the contrary, the testing took place at the bridge table, on the golf course, and in pursuit of quail. For most men these activities would spell retirement. That in itself does not mean that as tests they are without value. Doctors, in leading the victims of heart attacks back to self-confidence, grant the importance of "bench marks" and add that their characters vary in each case according to the individual's interests and fears. For Eisenhower the patient, the ability to play a full round of golf may provide the self-confidence that another man derives from working a 14-hour day. But for Eisenhower the leader, the test is at best inconclusive when measured against the strains of the next five years.

There is a natural inclination to believe Mr. Eisenhower's health is somehow transformed by his decision, and that it ceases to be an issue from that moment on. The inclination is certain to be encouraged by those favoring Mr. Eisenhower's reelection. No doubt public discussion of Mr. Eisenhower's health will be condemned as lack of good taste if not of patriotism. But the President himself has insisted that his health *is* a public issue and must be discussed in the responsible and considerate manner that accords with his own frankness.

"We are not now talking about a man who has been ill," said Mr. Eisenhower recently, "and who has had a full year to decide what he can do in the next four years. . . . I have to guess as to the next five years. . . ." Guessing is a perilous course when the Presidency is involved, but that has not deterred his medical advisers. Dr. Paul White has stretched his professional commitments in guessing that his patient is good for five years in the White House. Dr. Paul Snyder has carried the decision to the brink of absurdity by guessing that a second term in the White House might be safer for Eisenhower than the first term. It remains only for another eminent physician to affirm that heart attacks are invigorating.

Dr. Samuel Levine, the Harvard specialist, dissents: "Nobody can accurately predict the life span of an individual" heart patient. It is predictable only that the life span for heart patients as a group is cut short.

Mr. Eisenhower's availability points to a searching discussion of the constitutional issues raised by the President's death or disability and with them the political issues that surround the character of the Vice President. For the moment it seems more fitting to set aside these questions; and to consider only the consequences of Mr. Eisenhower's continuing in office in his present diminished capacity. For those are the terms that the President himself has set.

"It would be idle," declared Mr. Eisenhower, "to pretend that my health can be wholly restored. . . . My future life must be carefully regulated to avoid excessive fatigue." But fatigue is not the only threat. "Fear, great pleasure, anger and . . . excitement . . . have caused innumerable deaths in patients with serious heart diseases," according to Dr. White: "One of the rules in treatment that we have advised . . . is that such patients avoid nervous strain." The physicians must insist that Mr. Eisenhower conform to this treatment in the future and regardless of his preferences he must obey. "My reasons for obedience to the medical authorities," in his words, "are not solely personal. I must obey them out of respect for the responsibilities I carry."

IF HE continues in office Mr. Eisenhower must be guarded from all but the smallest group of trusted advisers. He must be shielded from perplexing problems and unwelcome news. He must seek to avoid wearing conferences with hostile governments. He must be spared the wear and tear that Presidents invite when they combat powerful pressure groups, back disputed and costly programs and set out to arouse public opinion against the Congress so that the national interest may prevail over the partial interests that often govern on Capitol Hill.

A man who accepts these restrictions accepts a new and sharply restricted interpretation of the Presidential role. Should this nation choose to surrender for four more years what it has been compelled to do without during the last five months? We have coasted in these months. Presidential government has been forfeited in part, but Cabinet government has not been embraced in its place. Even the degree of Cabinet responsibility that is traditional has been missing, for while recent Presidents have surrounded themselves with strong Cabinets the Eisen-

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hower Cabinet does not include one party leader of the first rank.

The authors of the *Federalist Papers* held that in all matters that relate to the executive "it was far more safe that there should be a single object for the jealousy and watchfulness of the people" than that responsibility should be diffused "in a multiplicity of hands." But responsibility has been diffused in a multiplicity of hands, some visible, some hidden from public accounting or review. Even before September diffusion was a source of constant concern among our allies. Since the President's removal from active leadership, the consequences of diffusion have become still more threatening.

In these months the Soviet Union has broken out of its self-imposed isolation. It threatens now to win large regions where the West is suspect and local governments are weak. The United States has not responded to these new threats. We have not yet shown an awareness of the changed conditions which the Communists have grasped and are determined to exploit. In South Asia the Communists are emerging on a large-scale as buyers of raw materials and suppliers of technicians, while the United States makes the problems of Asians still harder by unloading in their markets our own agricultural surpluses. In the Middle East our government is unwilling even to indicate what policy this nation will adopt if the Soviet Union continues to pour in arms. In the Far East during six months of drift not one imaginative step has been taken by the West. On disarmament the world listens with growing sympathy to Khrushchev's assertion: "The Soviet Union has done a lot to bring closer the positions of the great powers. It is now up to the United States, Great Britain and France." Simultaneously the Soviet Union outstrips this nation in conventional armamants and tests its first middle distance guided missile, a weapon we do not possess. Our preoccupation still lies with lowered taxes; our allies are compelled to work out their own programs independently because we will not share with them the atomic knowledge we have gained.

IN EACH of the areas of policy cited here, decision is part of the Presidential role. Only the President can overcome the opposition of his own party and initiate a new China policy. Only the President can overcome the opposition of the military and give impetus to disarmament proposals. Only the President can induce Congress to surrender a part of our sovereignty in order that we and our allies can work together for our common defense. And only the President can obtain Congressional and public acceptance of an overseas aid program that relates our resources, our skills and our surpluses to the poverty of other peoples. For compelling personal reasons Mr. Eisenhower is enacting a very different role. "The President *understands* that the State Department is suspending export licenses to the Middle East," James Hagerty told the press when political considerations held up shipment of 18 tanks to Saudi Arabia. "The President has been kept currently informed . . . and fully approves," the State Department added when, 48 hours later the United States reversed itself once more.

A part-time President can rarely initiate and carry through great measures. And yet his presence in the White House deters the nation in its search for solutions, for it cannot establish where responsibility lies. The shadow of responsibility may be cast across subordinates; the Constitution prohibits the substance from being transferred.

Mr. Eisenhower could not today meet the physical standard that Army regulations prescribe for commissioned officers "regardless of branch of service or grade." The Presidential burden is heavier by far than that which any officer must bear. Americans who still insist that Mr. Eisenhower can and must accept the burden do so in the belief that the Presidential role in essence is neither executive, nor political. The spirit and standing of Mr. Eisenhower, they hold, is an asset in the White House, intangible but real, that offsets specific setbacks and justifies human risks. This belief is hard to meet, blind as it is to the experience of the last six months. And yet, before long, this faith may be matched by an equally intangible unease. As the clamour passes, the sober second thoughts of Americans may yet be that a draft of Eisenhower demeans the office as it endangers the man.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Pushing Mr. Dulles to the Brink of Reality

FOUR HOURS of grilling which the Senate Foreign Relations Committee gave John Foster Dulles on February 24 opened up a far broader question than the immediate one of 18 tanks for Saudi Arabia. The Senators were demanding nothing less than a reappraisal of the adequacy of American policy in light of the new, more flexible Soviet line.

Such an attack by Democratic Senators upon a Republican Secretary of State in an election year has the flavor of politics.

Yet many of the grave questions put by the Senators to the Secretary could not be ascribed to partisanship. The conviction now crosses party lines. And the fact that this protest is led by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee recalls the parallel of a similar struggle in 1947 which resulted in a historic shift in foreign policy.

In 1947, a Democratic Secretary of State, Mr. James F. Byrnes, was under attack by the Republican 80th Congress, and particularly by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee led by Arthur Vandenberg. In 1947, as now, the Secretary of State was a former Senator, under pressure from other Senators. In 1947, as now, the Senators believed the Soviets had launched an offensive which US policy makers had not met adequately.

Out of the stormy give-and-take between Mr. Vandenberg and Secretary Byrnes and intensified staff work in the State Department, there emerged an American initiative—the policy of containing Soviet expansion by military alliances and the building up of the economies of free countries then under greatest Soviet pressure. These policies have remained substantially the same up to the present, despite the death of Stalin and the evidence of far greater suppleness in the policy of his successors.

Two developments in 1955 precipitated this new demand for a reappraisal. One was the Communist diplomatic offensive in South Asia, accompanied by large credits, unprecedented trade agreements, offers of Soviet economic aid and the exchange of courtesy visits by Russian and Asia leaders. The growth of neutralism which ensued has been clearly observable.

The other was the chain of events which began last September 27 when Egypt announced it had concluded an agreement for purchase of Czech arms. This was followed by Communist arms for Syria, the forming of a joint military command by Egypt, Syria and Saudi Arabia, the gradual shift of the military balance against Israel, and Israel's pleas to the US to sell her arms.

The Administration's only acknowledged proposal to meet the latest Soviet offensive is a small, long-term aid commitment which could be used for such projects as the Aswan Dam in Egypt. Mr. Dulles has confirmed that this Administration request will be for $100 million a year for 10 years, a sum which the *New York Times* declared "implies too little imagination, not too much." A number of persons have warned that a very large expansion of American aid is needed to offset Moscow's headway in Asia and Africa.

It was Mr. Dulles himself who, some time ago, warned that events might compel an "agonizing reappraisal" of American foreign policy. Now, in a series of closed-door hearings, it is Sen. Walter George and his colleagues, who will be pressing Mr. Dulles to do just what he said he might do but hasn't.

Adenauer Stays on Top

IT MAY OR may not be true, as Social Democratic leader Erich Ollenhauer recently declared, that "the beginning of the end of the Adenauer era" is already at hand in Bonn. But West Germany has clearly entered a period of basic political realignment, the first since Adenauer rule began nine years ago.

West German political leaders all have their sights fixed on the 1957 elections. In the growing struggle for vantage, issues of foreign or domestic policy, real as they may be, figure primarily as bargaining quantities. This is especially true of the rearmament issue, for Chancellor Adenauer must at all costs maintain the two-thirds majority in the upper chamber of Parliament needed to enact conscription legislation, basic prop of the German role in West European defense. Although rearmament has long been an article of faith with the Free Democrats, junior partners of Adenauer's own Christian Democratic Union in the Bonn coalition, restive Free Democrat leaders such as Dehler have not hesitated to use the issue in pre-election jockeying.

It was rearmament which Free Democrat rebels in Dusseldorf had hoped to gain as a weapon against the national Adenauer regime when they recently helped oust the Chancellor's state cabinet in North Rhine-Westphalia. But their hopes were still-born. Social Democratic leaders in Bonn bargained independently with the Christian Democrats, promising to support rearmament legislation, which now seems out of danger.

The Adenauer defeat in North Rhine-Westphalia appeared at first to doom a two-thirds Adenauer majority in the Bundesrat—unless he would concede revisions not only in the rearmament legislation but also in his controversial election law, which the opposition charges would perpetuate the Christian Democrats in power. What happened, however, was a surprise Social Democratic deal with the Christian Democrats assured passage of rearmament legislation without Free Democratic support.

In return for their vote pledge, the Social Democrats won undisclosed alterations in the proposed rearmament and electoral laws. They seem stronger than ever now as a result of the split in Free Democratic ranks which followed the Dusseldorf faction's challenge to Adenauer.

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The Passive Resistance of Montgomery's Negroes

ON DECEMBER 5, 1955, Mrs. Rosa Parks, a colored seamstress, was fined $14 in the Montgomery, Alabama, police court for refusing to move to the Negro section of a bus when ordered to do so by the motorman. Thereupon, Negroes increasingly declined to ride in buses, using private cars which had been made available. The boycott became an organized movement.

It was a spontaneous, church-led protest, without benefit of "outside" instigation or direction.

The transit company suffered a marked loss in revenue, and the city commissioners went into action. When negotiations broke down, the commissioners announced that they were joining the white citizen's council which relies on the boycott to preserve segregation.

Just as the British were baffled by Gandhi's passive resistance, Montgomery authorities were baffled by the extraordinary show of moral resolution they had to face. Violence they could have dealt with, but there has been no violence — simply thousands of people who could not be cowed or cajoled because of a spiritual strength which defied any form of coercion.

Almost three months passed before someone thought of a desperate remedy. The way to smash the boycott was to intimidate the leadership. So the Grand Jury returned 11 mass indictments naming 115 persons charged with boycotting in violation of Alabama law.

As a result, 90 persons, including 24 clergymen, were arrested, finger-printed, and released on bail. Ten others had not been located by the sheriff. But that still leaves 15 unaccounted for. It appears that some names were duplicated. The Grand Jury was in too much of a hurry to break the boycott to be punctilious about identifying people whom it was indicting for an offense carrying a penalty of 6 months and a $1,000 fine.

On the night of February 23, after the wholesale indictments and arrests, an overflowing mass-meeting was held in one of the Negro churches. The audience was urged to continue its passive resistance, to be steadfast without hate—to prove its solidarity by walking prayerfully to and from work the next day.

So Montgomery Negroes walked on February 24, while their indicted leaders were being arraigned. All entered not-guilty pleas. The trials will be held the week of March 19 and there the matter stands as of this writing.

What about the legal basis of these indictments? In 1921, the Alabama Legislature adopted a sweeping measure to clinch the defeat of organizing efforts of the United Mine Workers. This statute contains the anti-boycott provision which has just been exhumed:

> Two or more persons who, without a just cause or legal excuse for so doing, enter into any combination, conspiracy, agreement, arrangement or understanding for the purpose of hindering, delaying or preventing any other persons, firms, corporations or associations from carrying on any lawful business, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

"Just cause or legal excuse" has been construed by the Alabama Supreme Court to mean "lawful" cause or excuse. This is, therefore, a law which forbids an "unlawful" boycott.

This boycott section is followed in the original statute by another forbidding loitering or picketing, also "without a just cause or legal excuse." It is this prohibition which was knocked into a cocked hat by the US Supreme Court in the landmark case of Thornhill vs. Alabama, decided in 1940. The language and spirit of that decision make it most likely that the boycott section will also be declared unconstitutional if the indictments are carried that far.

What next? Governor Folsom has belatedly taken steps for the setting up of a biracial commission to "help us solve . . . through a Christian approach" the problem convulsing the state. Conceivably, such a group might, if and when it functions, clear up the Montgomery situation. But mediation on a "Christian" level should have been sought long ago. It is probable that any accommodation the future holds will come as the result of legal proceedings, *unless* the large-mindedness of a city of tolerance and grace asserts itself.

Next Week

Elmer Davis, Roger Butterfield and Robert Osborn honor Herblock on his 10th anniversary as a cartoonist in the nation's capital. Ten of Herblock's favorite cartoons drawn since 1946 will also appear.

1860 Without Guns

GANDHI-LIKE passive resistance, which now characterizes both the Southern defiance of the Supreme Court and retaliatory Negro boycotts, is leading toward a new national crisis of the magnitude of 1860 but whose character is only dimly seen.

After the Montgomery, Ala., Negro leaders were indicted for illegal boycott, prayers were said for them in thousands of Northern and Western churches And Negro leaders in New York and other Northern cities called for a nationwide one-hour work stoppage on March 25 to protest the arrests.

A show of sympathy from outside the Negro community will inevitably encourage Negro leaders in other Southern cities to formulate more boycotts against any discriminatory business which can be penalized by loss of Negro patronage. The weapon has already been tried with success against certain white retail stores, manufacturers and banks. The practice of White Supremacy Councils in calling for the firing of Negroes who sign anti-segregation petitions may be answered by the refusal of all Negroes to work for an employer who uses such a blacklist. Resistance could thus lead to full-scale economic warfare.

On the side of the whites, Sen. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, who says he neither advocates nor condones violence, has now called for "massive resistance" to the Supreme Court decision. If this can be organized, he says, "I think that in time the rest of the country will realize that racial integregation is not going to be accepted in the South."

Such "massive resistance" could lead White Supremacy Councils in 12 states to cause the arrest of more and more Negro leaders. When Federal District Courts begin to order school districts to cease segregation, some districts and even entire states will undoubtedly abolish public schools, causing a wave of moral reproach in the North. More and more the civil-rights battle between whites and blacks in the South will drive a wedge between the South and the rest of the nation, setting the stage for a re-enactment of 1860—without guns.

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Kefauver Passes the Plate in Minnesota

THE CANDIDATE paused, looked up at the sagging, bilious-green plaster not too far above his head, and pleaded dispassionately:

"I hope you'll give me as many votes as you can. If not, at least remember me in your prayers."

Then Bill Kjeldahl, administrative assistant to Rep. Coya (for Cornelia) Knutson, passed three or four miniature milk pails among the 200 persons sitting and standing in the tiny hall meant to accommodate no more than half that number. Coins clinked and folding money settled into the tin containers as Mrs. Knutson herself flailed a dissonant upright and sang, in her thin but sprightly, Juilliard-trained soprano, "God Bless America" and "Happy Days Are Here Again."

Kefauver

Back of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor (DFL) Representative, a stage drop pictured a lake of violent blue, a canoe empty on the shore, purple mountains in the distance. Framing this were the business cards of Vernon Center, Minn., retail establishments like John's Grocery and Kark Milling & Processing Co. Across the room, an old-fashioned parlor stove fenced off with chicken wire gave off waves of heat.

"I'm from down South, the home of hospitality," Sen. Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, grave and expressionless, told his listeners. "But never have I seen such hospitality as in southern Minnesota."

He had reason to mean what he said. It was a cold Sunday afternoon, and only a few hours before, local Kefauver supporters had decided to open the unpainted clapboard hall so villagers could meet the candidate after luncheon at the Vernon Center (pop., 344) home of a Kefauver delegate-candidate. The Senator had anticipated only a handful of curious hand-shakers, but told them:

> If I can't win before the people, then I don't deserve to win.
>
> No one associated with me will have an evil word to say about Mr. Stevenson or any other candidate. We shall talk about the issues and save our fire for the Republicans in the fall.

But two or three times during the day he reminded his audiences that Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, Gov. Orville L. Freeman and the DFL party had given their official blessing to Adlai Stevenson, selecting 57 delegates pledged to him through party channels and refusing thereafter to do the same thing for the latecomer.

This was done, he pointed out, despite the fact that he, Kefauver, had withdrawn from the 1952 Minnesota primary at the entreaty of a favorite son candidate, "my good friend, Hubert 'Umphrey."

> I feel that this year people should have a choice, so necessary in the world today [he went on]. A lot of DFLers have told me they think it was shortsighted, trying to keep me out of the state. They say the kind of campaign you and Adlai will carry on can only strengthen the party in the state.

Frequently, in the course of his four-day foray into Minnesota, scene of the first primary clash between the two top Democratic hopefuls on March 20, Kefauver spoke of the 1952 nominee as a "fine man" whom he'll be glad to support if he (Stevenson) wins the 1956 nod. (Stevenson's 5-day Minnesota tour begins March 2.)

"I don't want to offend my opponents," Kefauver said, smiling to himself at one of his infrequent jokes. "I want their support after I have won the nomination."

He chided Stevenson by implication for lack of a public record to match his own. Often he invited his listeners to examine his own 17-year voting record on issues vital to the "little man" in agriculture, organized labor and small business, adding: "You don't have to look at my speeches and ask, 'What's he mean by this word?' or 'How should I interpret this clause?' "

The ebullient Mrs. Knutson, a Kefauver delegate, was not always so discreet. Twice on the late-February tour she too resorted to implication by speaking of the four Kefauver children as the answer to her prayer for "the patter of little feet in the White House."

The Tennesseean's automobile convoy was not one to inspire dread in pro-Stevenson hearts. Kefauver rode in a borrowed Lincoln Capri. Two 1956 Oldsmobiles—lent by a prominent Republican dealer, an old Kefauver friend who also provided cars in 1952—carried the other members of his party. One of the cars bore a loud-speaker which, until the record was mercifully worn down by a lurching phonograph needle, blared forth "The Tennessee Waltz." Four newsmen brought up the rear.

The pitchman who pleaded for contributions soon had a powerful sales argument. The Capri ran out of gas the first evening and had to be pushed to the next town—not so much for lack of funds as carelessness, but that was overlooked. The pretty high-school girls in red, white, and blue paper hats, recruited from each audience to pass the collection pails, took in some $350.

Throughout the tour, the unrelenting candidate shook hands, spoke unceasingly, jotted down names assiduously. To the owners of the names will go personal notes thanking them for their interest and hoping they'll do their best in his behalf. Unlike a touring Adlai Stevenson, he had no time for newspapers or periodicals, beyond a quick check to see what position he won in the day's press. His Washington office briefed him daily by telephone, wherever he was, and supplemented the calls with telegrams which filled him in on the news of the world, the nation and his office.

Nothing astonishes him. His placidity is unassailable. "I came here to ask your support," he told a group of Minneapolis labor leaders.

"You've got mine, Estes!" interjected a business agent in the back of the room.

"Well, bless your heart," commented the candidate in his even tone.

Asked by an inquisitor at what time he had first started thinking about becoming President, the imperturbable aspirant smiled and replied:

"When I was about 6 years old."

Minneapolis JOHN MCDONALD

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That $2,500 Gift . . .

QUESTION: Was Senator Case's name mentioned in connection with the Harris (Natural Gas) Bill? Just answer me "yes" or "no."

ANSWER: There are some questions that can't be answered "yes" or "no."

QUESTION: Well, that is not one of them.

"WHO," demanded the Chief Counsel of the Select Committee of the United States Senate, "is Howard Keck?" "Howard Keck," answered the unhappy witness, Elmer Patman, "is President of the Superior Oil Company, sir, and the funds I had were his personal funds, and it was a practice that I had or an arrangement between him and me. . . . "

The Select Committee had been appointed to "investigate the circumstances involving an alleged improper attempt, through political contributions, to influence the vote of the Junior Senator from South Dakota, Mr. Case, in connection with the Senate's consideration of . . . the natural gas bill." Patman, an attorney for the Superior Oil Company, had just revealed that the $2,500 contribution received and then rejected and exposed by Senator Case, had come, through the most roundabout means, from his employer. For eight years, Patman testified, Keck had been handing him thousands of dollars at a time to distribute among politicians. Patman didn't know how many thousands of dollars Keck had given him in 1955 or any other year. He couldn't remember to whom he had passed these thousands on. "He gives it to me in cash," said Patman, and "I tell him what I have done with it." But: "I never rendered a written accounting."

> MR. PATMAN: I see the boss occasionally at his pleasure, sir . . . and I tell him what I have done with his personal money. And if he has got anything else that he wants me to do over and beyond my official duties, he will give me some money or he might say "Are you out?" . . . There are no norms. . . . It is a relationship. I think he trusts me and I know I have been honest with him.

Howard Keck arrived in the Caucus Room just in time to hear this testimony. When he was called to the witness stand, he seemed very much unconcerned with the whole affair. Keck, like Patman, had forgotten how much he had given his employee in 1955. He had no knowledge that Patman had given $2,500 of his personal funds to Senator Case's campaign. No, he had no idea what Case's attitude was on the natural gas bill. "Your testimony is," said Charles Steadman, the Chief Counsel of the Select Committee, "that the money you gave and have been giving to Mr. Patman over the last several years was not at any time given for the purpose of any particular legislation?" "That," said Mr. Keck, "is absolutely right." He did concede that the funds were handed out in cash, and that no record of these cash transactions were kept. "Why didn't you hand out the funds yourself?" asked the suspicious Steadman. Keck was unperturbed.

> MR. KECK: Well, I am extremely busy and there has to be someone that expedites these matters and we have a man in our corporation who expedites all charitable contributions, the Community Chest and things like that and I know about it but I don't take any active part in it.

That was Keck's testimony, so sparse that after 15 minutes on the stand he was excused. The Department of Justice, however, did not agree that the funds Keck passed out through Patman and other intermediaries were quite comparable to charitable donations to the Community Chest. In fact, when Senator Case turned over to the Justice Department his material on the 25 $100 bills that were laid in a plain envelope on the desk of the Senator's finance manager in Sioux Falls, the Department impanelled a Grand Jury to determine whether there had been a violation of the criminal code. Section 371 of the criminal code, the section dealing with "conspiracy to commit offense or to defraud the United States or any agency thereof," was called to the attention of the Grand Jury by the Department of Justice. And also Section 204 which reads:

> *Offer to Members of Congress*
>
> Whoever promises, offers, or gives any money to any member of either House of Congress . . . or to any person with his consent . . . with intent to influence his action, vote or decision on any question, matter, cause or proceeding which may at any time be pending

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> in either House of Congress . . . shall be fined not more than three times the amount of such money . . . or imprisoned not more than three years or both.

It takes two people, under the terms of Section 371 of the Criminal Code, to "conspire . . . to commit any offense against the United States." If two men were to be found guilty, it seemed highly improbable that one would be Howard Keck. The axe would more likely fall upon the two men who did his bidding—Patman and his inept bagman, John Neff of Lexington, Nebraska.

Twenty-five years before the natural gas bill reached the Senate floor Neff and Patman were in the same class in law school. Patman first retained Neff for Superior Oil Co. on behalf of tidelands oil legislation. He hired him a second time in 1955 for work in Nebraska. Oil and gas were being discovered there, and as the oil companies moved in they brought along their customary draft legislation to control production, particularly by small, independent producers. "I was a lobbyist," Neff testified. "My work consisted of apprising legislators of the nature of the bill."

IN October, 1955, when pressure for and against the natural gas bill was mounting in anticipation of the 1956 session of Congress, Patman retained Neff again on behalf of Superior for $1,000 a month and all expenses. Neff promptly called on the US Attorney in Omaha, Donald Ross. Prior to his appointment Ross had been a Republican Party leader in Nebraska. In addition, his wife's family were lifelong friends of the Neffs. So Neff spoke frankly. The testimony before the Select Committee reads:

> MR. ROSS: Mr. Neff told me (on October 15) that a long time friend of his by the name of Pat . . . had contacted him and asked him to help Pat represent the Superior Oil Company in regard to the natural gas bill. . . . He said that they wanted him to contact the two Nebraska Senators and ascertain their feelings toward the natural gas bill. Then during the same conversation Mr. Neff stated that "they" had indicated a willingness to make a campaign contribution to each of the two Senators. This he told me before he even talked to the two Senators. . . . He said they would be interested in making campaign contributions of $5,000 to the two Senatorial campaigns.

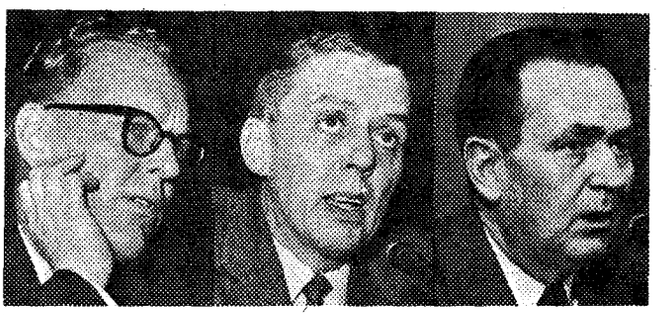
Neither Nebraska Senator, as it turned out, was up for re-election in 1956. But Neff, after determining that Sen. Carl Curtis was for the natural gas bill and that Sen. Roman Hruska was inclined toward it, went ahead anyway and offered $5,000 of the funds given to him by Patman to the Republican State Committee which accepted $2,500 with no questions asked. Neff also mailed to Ross five pass books on the Lexington Federal Savings and Loan Association made out to his children for $100 apiece. This was in payment to Ross for arranging his interviews with the Senators, but the worried Ross refused the gift which seemed to be in plain violation of the law.

Next, on November 2 Neff set out for the adjoining state of South Dakota with the intention apparently of repeating the Nebraska performance for the benefit of South Dakota's junior Sen. Francis Case. He took with him as traveling companion Paul Whaley, Sheriff of Dawson County, and the following afternoon found them in the office of E. J. Kahler, business manager of the *Argus Leader* in Sioux Falls.

> MR. STEADMAN: What was your conversation with Mr. Kahler?
> MR. NEFF: We discussed the Shrine. We discussed the drought. And we discussed politics in general. We talked about both of the Senators. We finally got around to talking about the Harris [natural gas] bill. I asked him what his attitude was and he said "Well, I haven't read much about it." And I told him what it was and he said "That is my way of thinking."
> MR. STEADMAN: Was there any discussion made with regard to campaign contributions for Senator Case's campaign?
> MR. NEFF: In a general sort of way we talked about the politics in our states . . . because of the drought and the low prices for commodities we were afraid that the Republican Party might be in trouble and Senator Case might be in trouble and we would need some campaign funds. . . .

"Knowing Francis as I do," Neff quoted the eager Kahler as saying, "I am sure he would be in favor of it [the natural gas bill]." Kahler added that he would find out. Subsequently he reported to Neff that Case was inclined toward the bill. All this Neff passed along to Patman. On January 12 and 13 the two lawyers met in the Shoreham Hotel in Washington. Instructing Neff to say that the gift was a voluntary contribution from an individual, with no strings attached, Patman gave him $2,500 to pass along for the Case campaign. Neff then returned to the offices of the *Argus Leader*.

> MR. NEFF: I reported to Mr. Kahler that the Harris bill was having difficulty. It was a nip and tuck sort of



The buck-passing began with the $2,500 question. Where did the money come from? From oil executive Keck, to oil attorney Patman, to Lobbyist Neff.

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proposition, and that I was still in favor of it. . . . I talked to Mr. Kahler and told him that I would like to leave with him a contribution to Senator Case because I thought he was the right sort of thinking man. . . . Mr. Kahler asked me, suppose he doesn't vote for the bill? My answer was that it doesn't make any difference. There are absolutely no strings attached.

Neff then laid the envelope containing 25 $100 bills on the table and went his way.

THESE actions, in Nebraska and South Dakota, involved the possible violation of at least three federal laws. And, as they struggled to avoid prosecution, the testimony of Neff and Patman at times seemed lugubrious. Section 610 of the Federal Corrupt Practices Act, for example, makes it unlawful for any corporation "to make a contribution or expenditure in connection with any election." It was necessary, therefore, for Neff to maintain that his trip to South Dakota with its expenses and its contribution to the Case campaign had nothing to do with the Superior Oil Company for which he was working. Neither Superior nor Patman knew about his trip, Neff insisted. And Whaley, Neff's good friend, maintained that never during the trip was the name of Superior heard. Steadman, however, pointed out that in addition to travelling on Superior's time and handing out his employer's funds, Neff had submitted an expense account for his trip and Whaley's which Superior had paid.

MR. STEADMAN: How can you charge a client for expenses that you incurred when you were out on a trip that you say was your own?

Neff had no answer to that one. His counsel intervened to protest that what Neff charged Superior was part of a lawyer-client relationship that was no concern of the Senate's. Steadman suppressed his laughter and pointed out that all subsequent trips to Washington and back to South Dakota in connection with the Case contribution were also charged up to, and paid for by, the Superior Oil Company.

A second law which Neff and Patman may have violated in working for Keck is the Federal Regulation of Lobbying Act requiring all lobbyists concerned in federal legislation to register. For neither Neff nor Patman registered as federal lobbyists. "I am a lawyer and I am not a lobbyist," Patman testified, "and never have been in my life." It was necessary, therefore, for both men to disclaim any interest in the natural gas bill.

STEADMAN: Would you expect that [Neff] would assist you in any legislative matters such as the Harris bill?
PATMAN: No, sir, he was not employed for that:
STEADMAN: . . . did Mr. Neff discuss the Harris bill at any time with you?
PATMAN: We probably discussed it on the phone, sir, because it fit his philosophy of government. It fit my philosophy of government.
STEADMAN: Did you have any conversation between October, 1955, and January 1, 1956, with Mr. Neff concerning Senator Case?

This question produced a long discourse on oil rigs, oil wells, Christmas and other matters. Finally, Patman testified, he called Neff or Neff called him.

PATMAN: I believe he told us . . . that Senator Case favored the Harris bill, sir, and I tell you quite sincerely that pleased me very much.

Next Mr. Steadman wanted to know whether Case's attitude on the Harris bill was discussed when Patman gave Neff the $2,500 on the night of January 12. For Patman this was a still more perilous line of questioning.

PATMAN: We did not talk about the Harris bill as such here.
STEADMAN: You did not discuss the fact that Senator Case might be for or against the Harris bill?
PATMAN: I am just not going to tell you we didn't.

Steadman rephrased the question half a dozen times, without success. He did not give up:

STEADMAN: . . . Did anyone say "Harris bill?" Let's start that way.
PATMAN: I could have. I talked to him about a lot of things.
STEADMAN: Was Senator Case's name mentioned in connection with the Harris bill? Just answer me yes or no.
PATMAN: I can't answer you "yes" or "no" . . . there are some questions that can't be answered "yes" or "no."
STEADMAN: Well, that is not one of them.
PATMAN: . . . I don't think it is fair.
STEADMAN: . . . Did Mr. Neff tell you that Senator Case was favorably disposed toward the Harris bill?
PATMAN: I am not going to say whether he did or not.
STEADMAN: . . . Did you give Mr. Neff $2,500 to give to Senator Case's campaign?
PATMAN: . . . He asked me for some money for that purpose . . . And I thought about it considerably because I think I am a reasonably good country lawyer and I think I understand the laws applicable to corporations and I have been very careful to abide by those laws. . . . I told him the Superior Oil Company, as he well knew as a lawyer, could make no contributions. . . .

Well, did he give Neff the $2,500 or not?

PATMAN: I could have thought about it just then and I could have gone away and told him I believe I will have to think about it and I am not going to say which because there have been a lot of things happening since then.

Patman is right: a lot of things have happened not

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only the impanelling of the Grand Jury, but the creation by the Senate of a lobbying investigation which could lead in turn to drastic and long-needed reforms in the financing of American politics.

[*Further comment on the testimony taken on February 29, and on the broader issues raised by the hearing, will be covered in* The NR *next week.*]

MICHAEL STRAIGHT

How Much Is a Senator Worth?

THE INCIDENT of Senator Case and the 25 C-notes, an incident that led President Eisenhower to veto the natural gas bill, is one that inspires many highly moral reflections.

In the first place, it gives ground for the cheerful belief that there are some stinks too rank even for the highly tolerant Eisenhower Administration, that could see no moral obtuseness in Senator Nixon's acceptance, not of $2,500, but $15,000 of oil and real-estate money.

In the second place, since Senator Case, instead of pocketing the money, hit the ceiling and tore open the whole deal, it is evidence that there still remain Senators who dislike smelly money.

In the third place, it throws an interesting light on the scale of values accepted by certain segments of the oil industry. The little black bag delivered to Albert B. Fall contained, not 25 C's, but 100 G's. True, he was a Cabinet officer, but the implication that one Cabinet officer is worth 40 Senators is startling. Ten or 12, maybe, but 40 . . . ! The suggestion is most derogatory to the importance of Senators.

In the fourth place, if Senators on the hoof are rated at no more than $2,500 a head in these boom times, the superficial aspect is that of a sagging market. Heaven knows, everything else has been going up, and it is not easy to see why anyone should suppose that the price of Senators is declining.

In the fifth place, here is an enchanting sidelight on some oil men's estimate of their own bill. As soon as it was known that Senator Case intended to vote for the bill, they made no inquiries, but rushed in with an envelope full of the long green. The bystanders cannot be blamed for inferring that the oil men could not believe that an honest man would vote for such a bill. Hearing that he was for it gave them no ground for suspecting that Case might be honest.

In the sixth place, the marked reluctance of the Senate to investigate every circumstance attending the passage of this legislation throws a great light on the state of the nation. There is no certain advantage to either party in an investigation, for while the bill was supported by a Republican President it was introduced by a Democratic Senator and the vote in its favor was bipartisan. If a probe should release an even more overpowering stench, there is simply no saying who might be suffocated; and in a Presidential year neither party wants to take a chance on being stunk up.

In the seventh place, the President had at least five perfectly sound reasons for vetoing the bill without mentioning Senator Case:

1. It is unwise legislation in that it tends to deplete, not to conserve, an irreplaceable natural resource.
2. It is sectional legislation in that it favors the gas-producing state above all the others.
3. It is discriminatory legislation in that it will be of advantage only to a handful of great corporations.
4. It is class legislation in that it tends to make the rich richer and the poor poorer.
5. It is anti-social legislation in that it creates a vacuum between federal authority and state authority.

Instead of basing his veto on any or all of these, the President ignored them. Indeed, he went so far as to voice approval of the stated purpose of the bill and rested his unfavorable action on the circumstances of its passage.

Yet the only circumstance known to the public was the delivery of $2,500 to the representative of one Senator. This was indeed malodorous enough to justify Senator Case's indignant rejection of the money, but it was not criminal, and the Senator's part in the affair was that of an honest man.

SO THE RANK OUTSIDERS, *i.e.*, the plain voters, are left to wonder if the President knows, or has undisclosed reasons to suspect, that there were other envelopes filled with hundred-dollar bills that were not rejected. If so, then there was urgent need for Mr. Eisenhower to clear the Administration as far as possible from any part or parcel in the enactment of such legislation.

Since he was already committed on the merits of the proposition, presumably his only recourse was the veto. It is rough on the Senate. It imposes upon every member who voted for the bill a pressing need to convince his constituents that nobody slipped him any C-notes, which means proving a negative, always a difficult operation, and in a campaign year extremely embarrassing.

But they shouldn't blame Eisenhower for their embarrassment. Its real cause is not his action, but the truly fabulous imbecility of the oil men and their stooges. Which may not be a moral reflection, but is quite an interesting one.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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The State of Our Liberties

Collectivism—Domestic Variety

by ROBERT ENGLER

With a letup in the grosser assaults on democratic ideals and practices over the past year, civil liberties, as John Roche said in *The New Republic* (Jan. 23, 30, Feb. 6), appear on the upgrade. The courts have spoken out with increasing frequency and force to remind us of our heritage of justice. The dismissal of the Lattimore case; the beginning of the return to recognizing travel as a right rather than privilege for the politically proper; the growing acceptance of the need for procedural safeguards in Congressional hearings, in loyalty investigations (notably the Peters case), and in the courts themselves; the discrediting of the Attorney General's list and of the informer system are encouraging illustrations.

Even a Nixon who rose to power via vicious and dishonest anti-Red campaigning against Jerry Voorhis and Helen Douglas in California, perhaps showing the magnanimity of the successful, has urged that an artistic attack upon him in an exhibit not be banned. It has become fashionable to be anti-McCarthy, although as Robert Hutchins notes, "not too soon or too much, not in such a way as to arouse too much animosity in too many of those who might have a different opinion."

Yet if there has been some clearing of the poisonous air of coercion of opinion and behavior, there is not yet occasion to cheer. The nation is still a long way from the honoring of dissent and the lack of commitment to, in Justice Jackson's words, any fixed orthodoxy "in politics, nationalism, religion or other matters of opinion."

We now have, for example, a variety of political crimes which deal with morals, beliefs, teaching, association and advocacy as well as actions. The Smith Act of 1940 and the Internal Security Act of 1950 are very much on the statute books. The FBI, by virtue of the assignments handed it, has in effect become a political police, aided by a paid secret-informer system. Corporations with defense contracts, along with many presumably unaffected by security concerns, have loyalty programs and thus in effect become arms of the state.

Several provisions of the Constitution, notably the First, Fourth and Fifth Amendments, have become discredited, with punishment for their use emanating from such non-legal sources as jobs and publicity. The right to a fair trial has been impeded by the difficulty of getting lawyers to handle unpopular clients as well as by the difficulty of getting defense witnesses and juries sufficiently insulated from the tensions underlying the cases in question.

There has been a growing encroachment upon the right of privacy, with the full personal history, including family, associations, beliefs and sex life of vast numbers of Americans becoming matters of record kept by patriots and police. Lie detection and wire tapping are widespread practices by law enforcement agencies, private detectives and employers. For it has become an operative principle that no one is to be trusted. And so within such a framework a recent *New York Times* story takes on a degree of plausibility another generation would have labeled madness:

> The White House is expected to announce soon the names of 12 members of a bipartisan commission to review the federal security program for government employees.
>
> The members chosen by President Eisenhower, Vice President Richard M. Nixon and Speaker Sam Rayburn are now undergoing security checks by the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The Benumbing of Critical Judgment

By and large the nation appears to have accepted the premise that Communism was and is a major internal threat, that the Communist Party was a successful internal conspiracy, and that all these procedures and legislative efforts would unearth spies and traitors. This despite the fact that all the investigations have produced no evidence of a single piece of legislation in the past 25 years which was Communist planned or inspired, that never a single member of the Congress or state legislatures has been bared as a Communist, that the loyalty-security probes in public bureaucracies have turned up only a handful of cases.

Significantly, in the overwhelming majority of the cases where the action has been challenged in court, the federal government has lost. Yet anti-Communism, if

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not the complete racket and road to success it was only a few years ago, is still a vehicle for enforcing political conformity.

One immediate consequence of this pattern is the absence of significant debate today on the major concerns of our times and culture. There are diehard points of view about such issues as isolationism and the New Deal. But in the main, as extremists have been silenced, dissenters forewarned and loyalty equated with conformity, everyone seems to have become "middle of the road"—with little basic examination of which road the nation is traveling and where it might be leading. There is a diminishing range of choice for citizens to evaluate and identify with public men, issues and organizations. Discussions about foreign policy are unimaginative and "realistic"; debates on such issues as agriculture are conducted in a familiar vein without regard for the broadest perspective of the country's development and needs. Bipartisanship and nonpartisanship, essentially anti-democratic concepts, are heralded as higher virtues, with the extent to which we accept this "getting of things out of politics" providing one index of our collective sickness. Special interests have a field day in such a setting, as neither party moves to fill the political vacuum.

Never before in the history of man have so many and so varied resources for communications been available. Yet the press by and large has abdicated its responsibilities for the encouragement of significant debate.

Small wonder there is apparent a growing discrediting of the political processes as a means of solving public issues. Citizens have learned to police their own political behavior, to think 10 times before signing or joining anything. The first victims here have been moral outrage and crusading zeal. There is a general sense of inadequacy, frustration, lack of identity with issues and alternatives—all of which is conveniently labeled "apathy" by those who deplore these consequences while ignoring the possible causes.

Beyond Good Men and Bad Men

And so, if we are eager to note, as John Roche did in his *NR* series, that freedom and basic civil liberties are more secure today than they were in the American past, we ought also to note a lessened use of freedom in significant areas of public life.

The nature of the attacks on free speech, press, association, assembly, privacy and due process, emanating from crude hoodlums who enjoyed the tacit consent of the respected whom they served, inevitably resulted in immediate defenses of the threatened concepts. Appeals were made to the spirit of our traditions and the courage of the citizenry. And not without some success, judging by the gains of the last year.

But the resulting battles over loyalty and conformity served to obscure some of the deeper thrusts inherent in the problem and the culture. For inroads on civil liberties cannot be explained simply by bad men—or even the Cold War—although each is a significant factor. Nor can freedom be maintained completely by procedural safeguards or by appeals for good men, educated men, aroused men, all necessary features of a free society.

Getting Ahead as a First Duty

There has always been an anti-democratic tradition in America, as Mr. Roche recognized, with violence, bigotry and jingo as well as contempt for reason and the capacities of the average man its essential if varying components. These are as much a part of our culture, if fortunately not as dominant, as the values of reason, humanism and democratic procedures. The process of becoming an American served to develop national unity; it also developed conformity as many diverse elements were quickly submerged. The ethical focus of getting ahead and looking out for oneself as a first loyalty has had the broadest acceptance. Thus there is little contradiction seen in accompanying former Secretary of Air Talbott's enforced retirement into private life with brass bands and medals. After all, he was going back to "make myself a little dough" in business where he would not be hampered by concepts of public morality. We have had periods of protest about the fairness of opportunity coming from such groups as the farmer, the Populists and anti-trusters. But this is not to be equated with genuine dissent from the essential bent of the culture. Even the presumably alienated intellectuals and artists more often than not have shown little inclination to live by the logic of their anti-material outbursts, if statistics on hi-fi and their equivalents are any guide.

Specific attacks upon freedom are not peculiar to this decade of our history. We can find seven or eight periods of comparable assaults. Each outburst was a reaction against the real or potential loss of power of a ruling group or view. Too little attention is paid to the extent to which the current organized hysteria is rooted in a reaction to the New Deal's domestic reforms, heavily focused on economic bargaining power, and later our growing international involvements. The essential patterns were clear in the mid thirties but the full growth of this reaction was postponed until the mid forties by the war. (Recall the work of the Liberty League, the assaults on welfare and regulation as socialism, the backers of Martin Dies.) The present violence against the Negro in the South is a further illustration of this thesis. And once more it provides a hopeful rather than depressing note for the long pull, signifying the death rattle of a system inimical to equality and freedom.

It is impossible to understand America without starting with her youth and her almost overnight transition from an agrarian and trading colony to a giant industrial power. Carving a civilization out of a wilderness, a

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nation out of frontier outposts, have set the primary rhythms of national behavior, and the highest demands upon the American's intelligence and efforts have come in these areas. The machine culture that developed out of the organized application of knowledge in dealing with nature and tools in turn has created its own rhythm and demands of behavior and loyalty. The vast rational organizations that resulted are essentially collective rather than individualistic, whether one looks at business, labor, the press, education or entertainment.

With this growth has come a convergence of lines that heretofore appeared to be quite distinct. Notable among these is the evolution of agriculture into business, and of the parallel characteristics inherent in the internal structure of business, the military, government and labor. The giant private power structures are basically not committed to democratic values or structured on democratic lines. The modern corporation, for example, is internally a totalitarian institution, gifts to liberal arts colleges and decency of individual board members notwithstanding. It neither welcomes nor rewards individualistic behavior and comparable democratic expressions. Created are corporate personalities, with their counterparts in the other big and not necessarily opposing institutions. One real fear about someone like Nixon is not so much his personal power or ambition, but the thought that he might symbolize the model modern American—agreeable, a good committeeman, loyal to the team, tuned in to the public, able to manipulate people and essentially aprincipled. Our educational system encourages and our mass media honor such types. For in a society of abundance conformity is achieved through rewards rather than punishment, suburban homes rather than deprivation—and who is to say this is bad.

Loyalty That Is Passive

But no matter how well oiled they are, too many of the American people have become instruments dependent upon forces at present largely beyond their control. The collectives demand a loyalty that is passive and private rather than creative and public in scope.

Meanwhile, the democratic state has not yet learned how to deal effectively with this development. And the growing complexity and rapidity of events compound the difficulties citizens have in freely and fully exercising their responsibilities. The top government agencies which make basic policy conduct their activities within a framework of secrecy. This seriously limits meaningful Congressional press and public review. When data on such areas as foreign policy are made available, they tend to be merchandized for consumption rather than presented for deliberation.

The application of individualistic concepts to this patterning has imposed an underlying insecurity upon citizens seeking to find their places in this society. Faith in the small businessman and the family farmer seem inadequate set against the statistics of investment and productive capacity. Freedom can no longer be defined and sought in terms of the absence of restraint, with state power in mind, as much of the restraining is now done to the average citizen by non-state institutions and by the social structure of the machine. An appeal to individualism appears to be an inadequate base for tuning in to the new society. On a broader canvas, national boundaries and the loyalties they demand increasingly lose meaning as they limit experiences and distract energies as man furthers his conquests of time and space.

Politics and Individual Effort

This is the environment within which defenders of civil liberties must work. A first requirement is determining which of the anti-democratic tendencies are implicit in the problems of ignorance, demagoguery and malice, which in the Cold War, which in our historical evolution and which in our institutional patterning. This implies a far more difficult task than the making of speeches against McCarthy or even "McCarthyism." Yet it is not an invitation to despair, unless one is prepared to abandon the achievements of the American experience thus far and the dream of a genuinely democratic society based upon our assumptions of the worth and dignity of individuals and their right to think and act in accord with their fullest creative capacity.

Civil liberties are tools as well as objectives in the quest for a free and responsible society. For them to be effective, there must be an environment conducive to their use. A society of yes men from nine to five, for example, seems poor preparation for the demands of self-reliance required in civic roles. Needed is a reexamination of our social structure to see how far the areas of concentrated private and public power are compatible with democratic values and to discover how they can be made not little but responsible. Here it is imperative that we formulate the broad purposes of the society so as to offer goals which provide directions and opportunity harmonious with our underlying values with which people can identify.

An immediate starting point in 1956 would be the reaffirmation of the proper role of politics. For politics offers a democratic people channels for discovering, weighing and applying new values, for providing meaningful choices, resolving differences and organizing public opinion so as to create a majority for the responsible control of government. Applied to the domestic and international problems of a world in revolution this process can help fill the vacuum which has meant the abdication to irresponsible pressures, militarization and international anarchy.

But without genuine civil liberties this course becomes a sham.

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Where the Deer and the Antelope Don't Play

by WARREN UNNA

WHILE 264 wildlife refuges—covering 10 million acres of land on the continental United States—may seem small stuff to all but irrepressible conservationists, statements before the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries on how the Interior Department's Fish and Wildlife Service is run might well be a tip-off on how some other federal agencies are managed these days. In essence the testimony showed:

► Interior Secretary Douglas McKay's so-called "stop order" against private oil leasing on the national wildlife refuges—which was in effect between August, 1953, and December, 1955—was a bald euphemism. More leases were granted to private oil companies during the 28 months of "no" leases than in all the other 34 years of refuge history.

► The Fish and Wildlife officials responsible for leasing apparently have been walking around the Interior Department with blinders. By their own admission, they first became aware of the existence of the leases when copies were being shown to the House Committee.

► At least two oil companies have received waist-bowing treatment from the Department in gaining approval of leases before regulations permitting them had even been promulgated.

► Under new regulations issued by Interior, oil leasing on national wildlife refuges is trumpeted as being under tighter and more effective control. In practice, the regulations are apparently a blatant come-on to the oil industry. The essential purpose of the refuges—conservation of flora and fauna—now seems to be almost secondary to development of their underground mineral wealth.

The cry against the "give-away" of wildlife refuges began almost from the moment the Republicans came to power, when Albert M. Day, a 35-year-long career man, was replaced as Fish and Wildlife Service Director and the job made subject to political appointment. Day is said to have then asked: "Well, was it the Alaskan salmon fisheries that got me or the California duck hunters?" The answer supposedly came back: "It was a mixture of scales and feathers, Albert."

For reasons best known to himself, McKay's former Under-Secretary, Ralph A. Tudor, wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post* on November 27, 1954, that Day was fired because of complaints from a group of California bankers who disliked Day's duck-hunting regulations.

Day was replaced by John L. Farley from Tudor's own state of California, and Secretary McKay proceeded to issue his "stop order" on further oil leasing on the refuges—ostensibly to tighten up the regulations. As late as last October 27, Secretary McKay assured a Corvallis, Ore, audience: "I can tell you flatly that no new regulations will be authorized unless they give far more protection to our refuges than they did before the stop order."

Secretary McKay

Last December 2, Mr. McKay's stop order was revoked and new regulations finally promulgated. In essence, they promised that 12 of the 264 refuges would be "inviolate" from all leasing and the others would entertain leasing only under controlled conditions. The only trouble with that was that these refuges had never been sullied with oil derricks anyway. These twelve refuges had never even been thought to have had mineralization. Some 28 others which Fish and Wildlife first asked Interior to consider "inviolate" (and then "voluntarily" withdrew) are, however, suspected of having oil deposits. Moreover, the controlled conditions for leasing that are permitted under the new regulations will be supervised solely by the Director of the Fish and Wildlife Service—the office which McKay had the foresight to put under political appointment.

On January 20, Wesley A. D'Ewart, Assistant Interior Secretary for public-land management, told the House Committee that 89 oil and gas leases on national wildlife refuges had been granted since 1920—all but 25 of them in the 28-month period of McKay's so-called "stop order."

Donald J. Chaney, Assistant Interior Solicitor for Fish and Wildlife Service matters, later told the Committee there had been some inter-bureau conferences in the month since D'Ewart's testimony; it now had turned out that 82 leases had been issued since 1920. Chaney said his new list included leasing on big game refuges and co-operative lands, as well as wildlife refuges—yet his

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Land Management had issued six leases "without knowing" they were on refuges.

On February 21, C. R. (Pink) Gutermuth, vice president of the Wildlife Management Institute, a Washington conservationist who has been calling the shots on the oil lease euphemisms since they began, told the Committee Interior has actually issued 577 oil leases since 1920, all but 11 of them during the 28-month McKay "stop order" period.

The Fish and Wildlife Service officials themselves showed undeniable interest in the statistics their superiors at the Departmental level were reeling off to Congress.

J. Clark Salyer, chief of the Service's refuge branch, testified it was possible more leases may come to light—he had no way of knowing.

Arthur F. Reamer, Chief of the Service's lands branch, began testifying that he had never told Committee Counsel Bernard J. Zincke that Interior had issued 54 of the oil leases during McKay's "stop order" period without letting either him or the Service know. Zincke looked quite disturbed when he said this, so Committee Chairman Herbert C. Bonner (D, N.C.) made Reamer stand up and swear he was telling the truth. Reamer then testified both D'Ewart's and Chaney's lists of refuge leases were first seen by him as they were handed (not by *him*) to the Committee stenographer for inclusion in the record. Reamer explained that since he was supposedly the government's chief bookkeeper on refuge leases, he asked each of the Interior officials if they could spare a copy for his own perusal.

Now who stands to gain from these refuge oil leases? So far testimony has shown there are at least two oil companies.

1. The Frankfort Oil Company of Bartlesville, Okla., a subsidiary of Seagram's distilleries, has been awarded a 12,000-acre lease in Louisiana's Lacassine National Wildlife Refuge, a waterfowl area.

Testimony before the House Committee showed Refuge Chief Salyer twice last year had turned down applications for leasing in the Lacassine. "Then we had a visit from President Schwengel," he declared. President Schwengel is Frank R. Schwengel, Seagram's top executive, a retired major general and reportedly a World War I comrade in arms of Mr. Eisenhower's. Salyer said "the Secretary's office" arranged an appointment for Schwengel to see him August 30.

When they met, Salyer quoted Schwengel as saying: "He was very much interested in wildlife, in fact he and his wife maintain a private sanctuary in New York . . . but he was also interested in oil too."

Salyer said Schwengel phoned him with final details on the lease application last November 15. Two weeks later, Interior wrote Samuel Nicasian, Schwengel's Washington attorney, declaring the company's operating plan for developing oil on the Lacassine Refuge was acceptable. This was last December 1. The next day, December 2, Secretary McKay issued his new refuge-leasing regulations making the Lacassine lease possible. The lease was formally issued December 6 and "backdated for bookkeeping purposes" of Schwengel's Frankfort Oil Company, to December 1, Salyer explained.

The five-year-long, five-year renewable Frankfort Oil lease was issued on a non-competitive contract at the minimum 50-cent-per-acre fee and 12.5 percent royalty. Non-competitive leases are granted under these terms in areas where there are no known oil deposits. Michael Hudoba, Secretary of the Outdoor Writers Association of America, told an Interior conservation group meeting a while back, 60 percent of the general Lacassine area is under active mineral development.

2. The Shell Oil Company of California has been awarded 54 leases in Nevada's 134,000-acre Railroad Valley waterfowl and antelope refuge.

Under questioning, Assistant Interior Solicitor Chaney said he "guessed" the leases had been negotiated despite existence of McKay's "stop order." Representative Bonner then wondered if the 4,000 other applicants who were anxious for Railroad Valley leases might not have also wanted to learn that the Secretary's "stop order" was being given such a loose interpretation. Chaney subsequently said he was "in error" in helping to draft an October, 1953, inter-office memorandum which declared the Railroad Valley leases to Shell "technically invalid" because the Fish and Wildlife Service and Interior's Geological Survey did not work together preparing them.

Historically, the nation's 264 refuges have been off-limits to oil exploitation with two exceptions: in cases where previous owners never did surrender their mineral rights to the refuge land; and in cases where the government entered into co-operative agreements with peripheral oil companies to prevent these companies from sucking out all the oil underneath the government's land.

Rep. Henry S. Reuss (D, Wis.), has termed the present situation "a veritable orgy of lease-granting."

> The Department of the Interior is plainly laboring under the delusion that Congress has required it to grant oil leases, rather than merely authorized it to grant or refrain from granting leases as it deems best.

The House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries has closed its hearing on the subject and now will consider endorsement of a bill requiring the President (Eisenhower this time, not Schwengel) to declare refuge leases necessary "for the common defense and security" before Interior can go on handing them out to the oil industry.

WARREN UNNA *is a reporter for the Washington Post and Times Herald.*

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BOOKS & COMMENT

These Be Thy Gods, O Israel!—II

by Robert Graves

THE educational emphasis is now on the appreciation of contemporary as well as ancient literature, and since to appreciate no longer means "to evaluate," but has become a synonym for "to admire," there must be recognized objects of official appreciation — namely idols. As I remarked in the last issue of this journal, those set up in our own time are Yeats, Pound, Eliot, Auden and Dylan Thomas. The idols are well swaddled against anything less destructive than a cobalt bomb; and all my iconoclastic zeal, so far from turning the whole temple blue, will not so much as dent a protective sandbag.

I have never met W. H. Auden—and, so far as I recall, have never written to him more than once. During 1928-29 I was printing books by hand, and he subscribed to them. I had to suggest that the half-guinea he paid for Laura Riding's *Love as Love, Death as Death*, gave him no right to borrow half lines and whole lines from them for insertion in his own verse:

LAURA RIDING:
The standing stillness,
The from foot-to-foot . . .
Is no real fever . . .
W. H. AUDEN:
This gracious greeting,
"Good day. Good luck"
Is no real meeting . . .
LAURA RIDING:
"Yes!" to you is in the same breath
"No! no!" to Death.
But such love turns . . . etc.

After we have fictitiousness
Of our excess
All will be as before
We shall say, love is no more
Than waking, smiling,
Forcing out "Good morning,"
And, were it more, it were
Fictitiousness or nothing

W. H. AUDEN:
From yes to no,
For no is not love; no is no,
And saying yes
Turns love into success . . .
And were this all, love were
But cheek to cheek
And dear to dear.

He is as synthetic as Milton, who borrowed his inspiration in *Paradise Lost* from Browne, the two Fletchers, Davies, Silvester and a host of others. Like Tennyson (whom he has admiringly edited), Auden went to Spain in warlike ardour by a comrade's side; like Tennyson he saw no fighting. But, unlike Tennyson, he played plenty of ping-pong in a hotel as Sitges. Just before World War II he emigrated to the United States, subsequently becoming a US citizen, and there developed his real talent, which is for light verse. His Phi Beta Kappa poem (Harvard, 1946) is a *tour de force*:

Ares at last has quit the field,
The bloodstains on the bushes yield
to seeping showers,
And in their convalescent state
The fractured towns associate
With summer flowers.

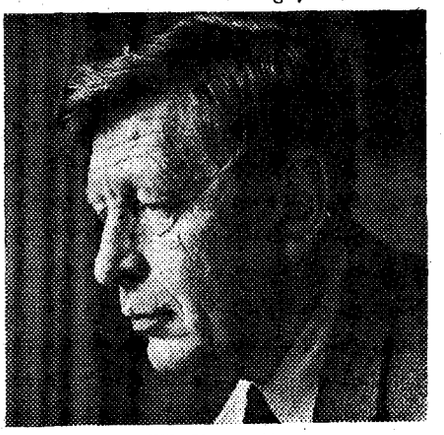
Encamped upon the college plain
Raw veterans already train
As freshman forces;
Instructors with sarcastic tongue
Shepherd the battle-weary young
Through basic courses.

Among bewildering appliances
For mastering the arts and sciences
They stroll and run,
And nerves that never flinched at
slaughter
Are shot to pieces by the shorter
Poems of Donne. . . .

The cockney rhyme of *slaughter* and *shorter* expresses his contempt of the young fools who allowed themselves to get caught in the War. Auden's is now the prescribed period style of the 'fifties, compounded of all the personal styles available; but he no longer borrows whole lines, as for his first volumes, or even half-lines. It is a word here, a rhythm there, a rhetorical trope, a simile, an ingenious rhyme, a classical reference, a metrical arrangement. Auden's influence is even stronger than Yeats', Pound's, or Eliot's. He has been saluted as the Picasso of contemporary English poetry; and, indeed, if Auden's verse makes me feel uncomfortable so, I confess, does a Picasso design, however firmly drawn, when I recognize the source, or sources of his inspiration—a fourteenth-century Spanish plate, a wooden mask from the Congo, a Hittite seal, a Baffinland Eskimo ivory; an Etruscan tomb painting, a Carthaginian clay figure, an Aztec calendar illustration. "Ah, yes," say his admirers, "these ignorant savages anticipated him."

So we come to the last of the modern idols: Dylan Thomas. At what interval after the death of a young poet is it decent to tell the truth about him? Despite the splendid orations spoken at his grave, more eulogistic than any poet has earned since Byron's death at Missolonghi, was Thomas either a master-poet or a "great Christian gentleman"? He himself never pretended to be anything more than a young dog—witty, naughty, charming, irresponsible, and impenitent. But he did give his radio-audience what they wanted.

Thomas had all the rich musical eloquence of a South Welshman. Did anyone ever hear a Welsh choir, either in a concert hall, or a chapel, or when fortuitously assembled in a motor-bus or railway carriage, sing out of tune? It is a Welsh national characteristic to sing in tune and be eloquent: just as the Egyptian *fellah* lays a tennis-court dead flat without the aid of a spirit-level, or the old Majorcan shepherd never misses his mark with a sling-stone. But the Welshman seldom really cares what the tune is, whether *Marchog Jesu*, or *Sas-*



W. H. Auden

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Dylan Thomas

pan Fach, or *Roll out the Barrel*, so long as he can sing it as a part-song.

Dylan Thomas was drunk with melody, and what the words were he cared not. He was eloquent, and what cause he was pleading, he cared not. He had a rich voice, like any Rev. John Jones, B.A., Bangor, albeit in English as spoken and when I listened to him broadcasting, I had to keep a tight hold of myself to avoid being seduced.

When he was sixteen, Thomas sent me from Swansea a batch of his early poems. I wrote back that they were irreproachable, but that he would eventually learn to dislike them. I forget what more I said; but I remember thinking that whereas musical prodigies like Mozart, or mathematical prodigies like William Rowan Hamilton, are not uncommon (and, when they grow up, continue happily as they began), poetic prodigies are monstrous and ill-omened. Young poets stumble and make a thousand clumsy errors, and though one may hope or guess that they will be something in the end, there is only promise, not performance. A sense of poetic protocol develops very slowly indeed. Even experts would have been deceived by the virtuosity of Dylan Thomas' conventional, and wholly artificial, early poems.

In order to conceal this defect in sincerity, he learned to introduce a distractive element. He kept musical control of the reader without troubling about the sense. I do not mean that he aimed deliberately off-target, as the later Yeats did. Thomas seems to have decided that there was no need to aim at all, so long as the explosion sounded loud enough. The common report that most of Thomas' early poems came out of the beer barrel cannot be accepted. It is true that he drank a great deal of beer, and that beer is a splendid drink before one takes one's place in a male voice choir; but the poems show every sign of an alert and sober intelligence. The following typical stanza is nonsense, but Dylan's golden voice could persuade his listeners that he was divulging ineffable secrets:

> If my head hurt a hair's foot
> Pack back the downed bone. If the unpricked ball of my breath
> Bump on a spout let the bubbles jump out.
> Sooner drop with the worm of the ropes round my throat
> Than bully ill love in the clouted scene.

Stephen Spender, who often prognosticates next year's poetic skirt-length or waist-line long before the autumn collections, wrote of Thomas in 1946:

> He is a poet who commands the admiration of all [sic] contemporary poets. He has influenced a number of writers who see in him an alternative to the intellectual [sic] writing of Auden. Of the poets under forty-five, he is perhaps the only one capable of exercising a literary influence as great as that of Auden.

Yeats, Pound, Eliot, Auden, and Thomas are credited with having delivered English poetry from the shackles of the past. And the people said: "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt!"

This is the second section of a two-part essay. In the February 27 issue, Mr. Graves discussed the poetry of William Butler Yeats, Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot.

Mr. Stevenson On Record

by Gerald W. Johnson

The important thing about this book is the fact that if the author is nominated for the Presidency next summer he will not have to take back a word of it. Stevenson has been running for the Presidency for three years—not campaigning for votes until quite recently, but running in the sense of carefully establishing a record on which he can appeal for votes when the time comes.

What I Think, by Adlai E. Stevenson (Harper; $3).

The record is enclosed between the covers of this book. It consists of thirty-odd speeches and other public utterances all delivered since 1952 and touching on practically every important issue that has come before the public since that date. It is a serious book, too serious for the taste of those who delight more in Stevenson's brilliance than in the soundness of his thought, but of high value to the man who takes his duty as a voter seriously. Of course it is simply impossible for Adlai Stevenson to write a whole book without an occasional sentence that sparkles, but they have been kept to a minimum, because his purpose was not to entertain but to inform the reader of the course his thought has been taking.

This is one of the most interesting developments in American political history. In 1952 Stevenson was projected into the campaign with little time for preparation, and he determined never to be caught that way again. So for the past three years he has been assiduously studying the Presidency—just in case. The result is that he is now probably the best-prepared candidate ever offered to the American electorate.

This does not mean that he is necessarily a successful candidate, for in political campaigns rolling thunder is often more persuasive than common sense. But it does mean that if he is elected he will take office with as clear a conception of what it means as any man can hope to gain by studying it from outside.

The proof is in this volume, a book whose contents cannot be summarized because the book itself is a summary of a whole political philosophy. If Stevenson is nominated, no voter need be in any doubt, for by reading these pages he can know exactly what he is voting for—or against.

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Bureaucracy in Action

by Charles H. Page

IN THE political arena, *bureaucracy* is usually an epithet; but in social science discourse, bureaucracy is a politically and morally neutral concept, referring to both a formal and hierarchical type of organization and a highly rational method of pursuing diverse objectives. These aims range from collecting taxes to distributing largess, from manufacturing medicines to constructing nuclear weapons, from selling soap to saving souls, from educating the young to entertaining the public. The mounting interest in the nature and consequences of bureaucracy is hardly surprising. For mushrooming bureaucracy in more and more spheres of social life signals a revolutionary change in the structure of modern society.

The Dynamics of Bureaucracy, by Peter M. Blau (Chicago; $5).

Social scientists, as well as philosophers and artists and less articulate witnesses (and "victims") of the bureaucratic trend, are increasingly concerned with presumed or possible dangers of standardization and routine, interchangeability and impersonality, of rationality itself. These hallmarks of bureaucracy are viewed by many observers as a grave menace to a liberal society's most cherished values: individualism and freedom, spontaneity and progressive change. The anxiety is not necessarily relieved by recognition of the enormous positive accomplishments—in business and industry, government, the military, organized labor, science and education—of administration and social machinery cut to a rational pattern.

But these misgivings are overshadowed by the administrator's persistent preoccupation with efficiency. To this end a growing number of social scientists is recruited in industry, government, and elsewhere, creating a further source of interest in and knowledge of bureaucratic procedures. To be sure, many of these "hired hands" are merely social technicians serving managerial interests; but some undertake studies that contribute significantly to our understanding of bureaucracy in action.

Peter M. Blau's *The Dynamics of Bureaucracy* consists, for the most part, of a close analysis of the behavior of lower officials and of their interrelationships with one another and with their clients in two governmental units, a state employment agency placing workers in the clothing industry and a "New Deal" federal law enforcement agency.

The non-specialist may find the going heavy in the first parts of the volume, for the analysis of the two areas of minor officialdom is meticulous and undramatic and the careful exposition meets the (frequently disturbing) social science canon of stylistic vacuity.

Nevertheless, social scientists and officials alike will be the gainers if they follow the detailed accounts of how statistical records of performance both strengthen and decrease operating efficiency, of the ways in which such standardizing procedures bring about changes of group arrangements and treatment of clients, of the role of professionalization in countering mechanical standardization and harmful competition, of how informal and close social bonds relieve anxieties of personnel engendered in their relations with clients and supervisors, of the manner in which supervisory authority is often enhanced by blinking of the bureaucratic rules.

THESE processes and many others reported by Blau are not isolated or merely interesting features of lower-level bureaucracy at work. For in the analysis the details illuminate general propositions: for example, unofficial modes of procedure (such as a taboo against reporting bribes in the law enforcement agency) frequently, albeit unintentionally and with no awareness of the fact, promote the agencies' goals more efficiently than officially prescribed methods: rule and red tape have their phantom but successful rivals. The analysis too depicts an area of human activity in which are found camaraderie, personal—though not intimate—ties, devotion to larger tasks and not simply ritualistic adherence to rules, and innovation from below as well as above. This is not depersonalized and authoritarian bureaucracy.

Nor is this a brand of human machinery which necessarily stultifies needed changes, as Blau intimates all along but brings out emphatically in the final chapters. Blau specifies the "prerequisites of adjustive development" as professionalization, close-knit work groups, absence of fundamental conflict between such groups and management, organizational needs that disturb and therefore stimulate responsible officials, and, above all these, employment security.

These conditions, found in some degree in the two agencies studied, especially the law enforcement office, are no doubt present to some extent in many governmental spheres, educational institutions, and, increasingly, as job security develops, in industrial bureaucracy as well. Their promotion would encourage the "organizational spontaneity" required in a dynamic and democratic society. To-

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day's challenge to extend these conditions and the retention of rationality as bureaucracy's foremost goal provoke Blau's final optimistic prognosis that "outdated philosophies of human behavior will be abandoned":

> The myth of the ignorance of the masses will be dissolved: the belief that most employees are incapable of anything beyond sheeplike adherence to detailed rules will be replaced by a better understanding of the ways in which the challenge of responsibility promotes competent performance of duties. The myth of the indispensability of leadership will be discarded: the assumption that disciplined conduct is synonymous with centrally governed conduct will give way to precise distinctions between the bureaucratic authority necessary for co-ordination and uniformity, on the one hand, and the hierarchical restraints that interfere with operations by engendering profound feelings of inequality and apathy, on the other. Finally, the myth of the magical power of fear will be repudiated: the notion that anxieties about losing one's job furnish the best incentives for performing it well will be superceded by the recognition of economic security as a prerequisite for intelligent and interested execution of professional tasks.

Perhaps this is over-sanguine. But *The Dynamics of Bureaucracy* joins such other first-rate sociological studies as Philip Selznick's *T V A and the Grass Roots* and Alvin W. Gouldner's *Patterns of Industrial Bureaucracy* to increase our knowledge of the bureaucratic process and—if we will—to bend it to the needs of a liberal social order.

Remembrance of Things Past

by N. Bryllion Fagin

To some extent, all of Eugene O'Neill's plays derive their impact from his unexorcised memories of a troubled childhood, a painful adolescence, and an unhappy youth. Perhaps the cry of Billy Brown, in *The Great God Brown*, when he comes to die on the breast of Cybel could serve as a summary of O'Neill's own recollections. "It was dark," he laments, "and I couldn't see where I was going and they all picked on me."

Long Day's Journey into Night, by Eugene O'Neill (Yale; $3.75).

The Long Day's Journey into Night is, like *Strange Interlude, Mourning Becomes Electra*, and *The Iceman Cometh*, a mammoth play. It required four and a half hours for its performance at the world première in Stockholm on February 10. Reports from Stockholm indicate that it acts well, in spite of the meagerness of plot. In reading, one finds the dialogue somewhat slow and flat at the beginning, but gathering speed, color and tension until in the fourth, and last, act it becomes intensely dramatic. The principal characters are drawn with skill and compassion, and their eloquence, arising from frustration and bitterness and aided by copious drafts of alcohol, is always compulsive and at times magnificent.

What action there is takes place in the living room of the Tyrones' summer home one day in August, 1912, between 8:30 a.m. and midnight. Into this brief interval of time O'Neill has managed to compress the entire life history of his father (James Tyrone), his mother (Mary Cavan Tyrone), his brother (James Tyrone, Jr.) and himself (Edmund Tyrone). With a technical dexterity reminiscent of Ibsen he weaves into the present action all the necessary exposition and whole chapters of antecedent action.

James Tyrone, the father, once had the makings of a great actor but he soon acquired a valuable property in a shoddy script about a nobleman during the French Revolution and thereafter was lost to art. Mary Tyrone, the mother, had come out of a convent school and fallen in love with the handsome actor, married him and followed him around the country, living in cheap, dingy hotel rooms, eating cheap food, and hating the theatre and her nomadic life. She gave birth to her children in far-away small towns where medical care was scarce and inefficient, so that morphine became, in time, not only her escape from pain but also from the sordidness of her life. James, Jr., at thirty-six—when the play begins and ends—is a confirmed alcoholic; and Edmund, at twenty-three, shows an unmistakable tendency toward alcoholism and has developed tuberculosis.

The grimness of this scant action is relieved by the mood of family cohesion, the underlying warmth of the characters, and the poetic exaltation of their dialogue. Their home, as in a Strindberg play, is an isolated, bleak fortress in which they huddle together, frightened by the bells and the foghorns, the plaintive, lost voices of the outside world, which intrude upon their accusations against one another and their self-commiserations. Admittedly, they are baffled and weak; life has been hard and they have allowed themselves to be defeated. Yet they have dimension, stature, a measure of innate nobility, and an intuitive comprehension of their tragic flaws.

The play was written in 1940. Looking back at himself in 1912, just before his distinguished career was to begin, O'Neill passed hard judgment on the boy. "The *makings* of a poet," he makes Edmund say about himself. "No. . . . I just stammered. That's the best I'll ever do. Well, it will be faithful realism, at least. Stammering is the native eloquence of us fog people." *Long Days Journey* does have faithful realism, and some fog, but it rises above both to a poignant clarity which only the poet-dramatist can achieve.

Next Week

RICHARD ROVERE discusses some aspects of General Courtney Whitney's new biographical study of Douglas MacArthur.

Notes on Contributors

ROBERT GRAVES, whose novels include *I, Claudius* and *Claudius the God*, has recently published his *Collected Poems*. An expanded version of his present essay will be included in his next book, *The Crowning Privilege*. CHARLES H. PAGE is editing a collection of Peter Blau's writings. N. BRYLLION FAGIN is at work on a book about Eugene O'Neill. F. N. KARMATZ was formerly an editor of *The Chicago Review*.

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FILMS

As everyone knows, or ought to know, Danny Kaye is wonderfully funny, given any chance at all. But he only has a chance now and then in *The Court Jester*. This time Danny goes all the way back to medieval England, taking the American Legion Zouaves of Detroit, Michigan, along with him. Neither the Detroit Zouaves nor medieval England interfere much because wherever Danny is is Brooklyn, and he is far more at home in merry old England than Sir Lancelot or Sir Galahad would ever have been at Ebbets Field. Nevertheless Danny is wasted and the film is very poor, perhaps precisely because it has practically everything in it, all mixed up, and perhaps also because it cost four million dollars and is, therefore, the most expensive comedy ever produced.

The Court Jester (Paramount).

Danny himself declares at one point, "Plot we've got a lot," and a lot of other things which Danny names, including Danny's split personality, knights in armor and beautiful heroines at a Royal court; a king who has usurped the British throne and an amiable infant who is the rightful heir and bears a purple pimpernel "on his royal backside" as proof of his authentic claims; a princess who thinks that Danny is the cat's pajamas; a noble rebel leading a noble rebellion to regain the throne; a tricky witch who practices hypnotism among her other charms and powers; several concurrent conspiracies which run parallel to one another; Basil Rathbone's best British accent and villainy and most contemptuous sneer; and lyrics in which Danny sings of himself as "the maladjusted jester" while rhyming "derring-do" with "herring too." Hardly anything is left out, and very little is included which deserves the slightest attention.

It must require a good deal of calculated and misguided effort to make so little use of genuine comic genius. Danny would be funny anywhere at any time—on top of the Parthenon, under a pyramid, in the Academie Française or in an academy for the deaf and dumb; he is capable of transforming a funeral into a colossal joke. But even his comic genius fails to overcome, save for a few moments, the plenitude of embarrassed riches which confront him in *The Court Jester*.

Just as Chaplin is first of all the comedian of shyness and meek, shabby aspiration, so Danny always starts out as the comedian of pure nervousness, expecting the worst at all times and not at all surprised that it is even worse than he expected and feared. The plot of *The Court Jester* provides Danny with more than enough occasions for nervousness, but deprives him of them so quickly that he has no time to make the most of them. Thus when he goes through the rites and trials which initiate him into knighthood, the speed increases continually, until when he is dubbed a knight so that he can be killed in a knightly tournament by one of his enemies, his pants begin to fall down because his entire being from the knees up is shaken by mounting terror. But before his pants fall down, the plot rushes ahead at full speed, into the mortal combat itself, where again, every time he gets nervous enough to be truly himself, the story goes serious on him, and he emerges unscathed and lost as a comedian. The succession of his knightly victories which comes so quickly that Danny has no time to be thunderstruck —one of his favorite emotions and second only to the gaping, open-mouthed, bug-eyed face with which he responds to appalling danger.

Although one can hardly escape the impression that Danny himself sometimes feels he needs the plot of *The Court Jester* like he needs a hole in the head, one possibility, and a truly new one, is opened up but not developed very much by the episodes in which the witch's spells and charms transform Danny from the nervous wreck which is his innermost self into the most dauntless of heros, the most daring young man of all time. In one episode, he does, in fact, swing on a kind of trapeze above the castle, the cliff and the sea, and as long as the hypnotic spell lasts, he has the matchless courage of a chain-smoker of marijuana cigarettes. The spell which makes him an absolutely nonchalant hero can be broken off in the split-second by anyone snapping his fingers, but however often and quickly broken, it is equally restored by another snapping of the fingers.

The result is that Danny commutes, as in a taxi or a roller coaster, between pure nervousness and fearless aplomb, a comic possibility which has the promise of that great silent film in which Buster Keaton, expressionless from the first reel to the last, was the railroad engineer on an empty train which continually crossed the Mason-Dixon line during the Civil War and had to change from an Abolitionist to a Secessionist at a moment's notice again and again. But this opportunity is slighted and passed over, as are the characteristic moments of the old Kaye style: perhaps the best instance is Danny's courtship of his true love during which he admires the beauty of her face and hears her remark, as his glance lights upon her teeth, that "My father made me everything I am." "Your father does beautiful work," Danny says in adoration, but he is whisked back in so much haste to the era when knighthood, and not dentistry, was in flower that the quality of the remark is almost unnoticed.

It may very well be that *The Court Jester* has so much of everything—and so little as well—because of Hollywood's desire, which is more intense than it has ever been, to please everyone by providing everything, no matter what the disorder and weakening of the entire effect. There is a clear desire in the film to please the small shots of the kindergarten set far more than the adolescents who have come to neck in the darkness of the balcony and who were supposed to be a major part of the film audience, the age group to which, for the past 10 years, Hollywood has decided to direct its efforts. The theatre was certainly full of young children when I saw the film, and they all seemed to be gurgling wtih pleasure. But this is the way they always seem at all the pictures: they are always delighted by everything on the screen. The adults were far less amused, but perhaps they are not important, if the children can drag them to the theatre. Apart from the children or others who are always pleased, it just goes to show that the more you try to please everyone, the less you are likely to please anyone very much, which is something we have known all along, for all the good it does us.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

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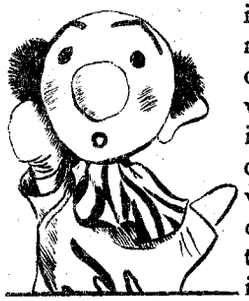
TELEVISION

For nearly ten years now, the Kuklapolitan players have attracted an audience of children and adults every weekday evening. The reason Burr Tillstrom's creation is a stand out is obvious; there is nothing to compete with it. The show is neither a soap opera nor is it a variety show. It is probably the only show that very young children can enjoy that is not juvenile to the point of imbecility.



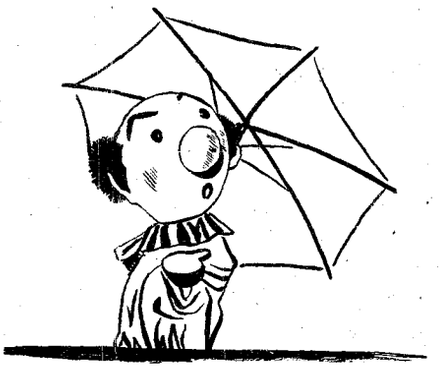
Exactly what does make Kukla, Fran and Ollie fascinating is a complex question. First of all, we are dealing with a creation enclosed in a world of fantasy—but a special kind of fantasy—different from Superman, Space Cadet or Elmer the Elephant. It is whimsical fantasy; the characters act according to their fancy, and are not manipulated in a cardboard plot. It is also fantasy which spins itself out in a world surrounded by humans. But there is one big difference between a human trait in you and me and that same trait in a puppet. When a puppet exaggerates some human element, it is amusing, funny or creates pathos; when you or I exhibit the same quality, it ceases to be funny. It's simply human. Puppets amuse us because they mimic us with gentle satire.

Just as puppets create a special kind of fantasy, so they are a special kind of mimic. Each of Burr Tillstrom's puppets has a personality we recognize by sight, sound, and trait.

The oldest player is Kukla (doll in Russian), who is "inner-directed." To quote Tillstrom: "Kukla handles all the worrying, pays Beulah's (the Witch) traffic tickets, sees that Doloras (Ollie's cousin) gets her baths, soothes Mme. Ooglepuss' ruffled feelings, interprets Cecil Bill's (tooie talk) union rules, straightens out Ollie's bookkeeping, holds a timer on Colonel Crackie's introductions, and warns Ollie when Miss Coo Coo gets near."

Ollie the dragon, on the other hand, is Kukla's opposite. He is "outer-directed." The chocolate-soda guzzling dragon is counsellor to the players, entrepreneur of serious singing and acting for the troops (once having given a recital in Town Hall). He is anything but a reluctant dragon. Ollie will face anybody or anything, with one exception. Miss Coo Coo slays him every time.

There is the hard-working Fletcher Rabbit; Paul the reluctant and Brando-like boyfriend of Beulah Witch, and Mercedes who just dropped in one day and stayed. Beulah Witch, in particular, is a good example of Tillstrom's conception of character. Besides being an electronics genius, a fashion plate, and a brewer of potions, Beulah is constantly trying to elude her demoniac ancestry, so that she may be accepted into Ooglepuss' society. The comedy and pathos arise when Beulah fails to make the grade and reverts to her witch-like



antics. She is angry with herself for embarrassing Kukla and Mme. Ooglepuss, but being an other-directed type, she soon recovers her poise. But while the more genteel puppets can accept and adapt to almost any social situation, Beulah cannot. The limits of Beulah's character provide us with a clue to the scope of the Kuklapolitan Playhouse.

The puppets appear real because they never step out of character. If the players are forced into a foreign situation they simply reject it.

Producer Tillstrom has overcome adult barriers by what seems to be another stroke of genius that sets his show apart from just any Punch and Judy. The difference is Fran Allison. The very concept of having a human talking and doing things with the puppets is disarming. She is a natural bridge over which we cross into fantasy.

Just as the miniature playhouse is a natural for TV, Fran Allison fits nicely into the players' scheme. She is the sympathetic friend, but is Ollie's particular "cutie." Fran is the human element necessary to interpret Cecil Bill's tooie talk, the sounding board for Kukla when Beaulah or Miss Coo Coo have embarrassed him with their antics; but most of all, she plays herself.

Yet there is still another aspect of the playhouse that is important to the success of the show: the action. It comes from the players themselves. They are not pushed around by the plot; the situations arise from their interests—current events, the weather, themselves. We are getting their view of the world. The discussion may be a serious talk about the sponsor, but more often one is likely to find Beulah teaching Paul how to Mambo; or perhaps Mme. Ooglepuss is in her bathtub singing her favorite song (learned while calling hogs in Iowa).

F. N. KARMATZ

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A COMMUNICATION

A Liberal for Eisenhower

In a questionnaire circulated several weeks ago, *The New Republic* asked several thousand persons (many of whom do not subscribe to this Journal) for their views on the key political issues and Presidential candidates of 1956. The following pro-Eisenhower reply is published, since in the opinion of *NR's* editors, it suggests why GOP "Peace and Prosperity" and Mr. Nixon's "Forward Look" may be convincing to many Americans not traditionally identified with Republicanism. The letter is unsigned, since the NR questionnaire did not request identification.

SIRS:

It seems to me that the GOP is basically right in the realm of foreign policy (e.g., Geneva, atoms-for-peace, no arms to Middle East, etc.) and on military cutbacks. The Democrats will not be able to exploit either of these without losing votes, both because the Republican position is popular, and because to debate the issue will show up Democratic confusion and dissension, especially on such matters as better relations with the East.

On civil rights, the GOP has it all over the Democrats, and for the Democratic Party to push this issue would be to inflict severe injury upon itself. The Ike record is quite good (not as good as it should be, to be sure), while the Democrats are split into radicals on one side of the issue or the other—with the exception of Stevenson, who tends to alienate both. The GOP is in a position to produce far more in this area.

As for resource development, the Democrats may pick up some votes here. However, the GOP will come back with the St. Lawrence Seaway, perhaps the greatest resource development in the history of the US (with the possible exception of TVA). This was passed at the urging of Ike by a GOP-controlled Congress. Dixon-Yates is an irrelevant issue, blown up all out of proportion by the Democrats, which will find little popular response except among professional liberals (who usually are not liberals, but Democrats). The GOP made a mistake in this matter, but the mistake has been rectified.

The Eisenhower Administration has a fair program relating to health and education—not excellent, to be sure, but probably more than any Democratic Administration could produce. Will Congress pass it? That is the question. Certainly the GOP education bill, from the angle of distribution of funds, meets the need where it exists much more than the Democratic bill. I prefer the Democratic amount, however.

The Democrats cannot exploit the issue of McCarthyism, and may be injured if they try. The spirit (certainly not the brain) of Eisenhower has salvaged America from that terrible era of name-calling—although, to be sure, too much still exists, *on both sides*, by the way. Nixon and Truman are equally guilty in this respect. However, McCarthy was brought to his knees—not by the Democrats, who controlled Congress until 1953—but by GOP Senators Flanders and Watkins and GOP leadership generally.

On big-business favoritism, there are four things to say: (1) the Democrats won't get too many votes on this score now, with such prosperity; (2) there is too much big business influence in both parties; (3) it seems to me that an independent study of cabinet personnel, etc., would show that the Truman Administration was pretty jammed with the money magnates, too; (4) the veto of the gas bill shows something.

That leaves the farm income issue. Here the Democrats will make many friends, even though the GOP, by and large, is basically right. And most liberals know it!

I suggest that this letter represents in part the sentiments of a growing number of liberals who favored FDR and who see some of the policies of FDR taken forward by Ike. To the intolerant, doctrinaire, sloganmaker, this type of attitude seems like the results of ignorance, betrayal, and Madison Avenue. Instead, it is the product of independent thinking.

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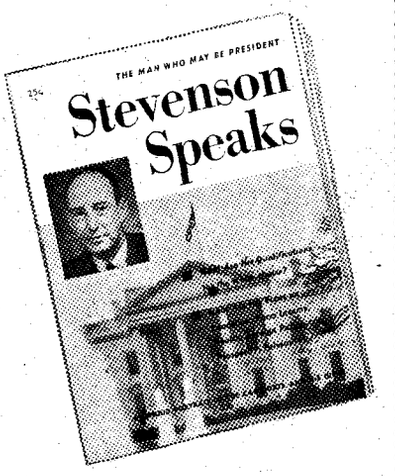

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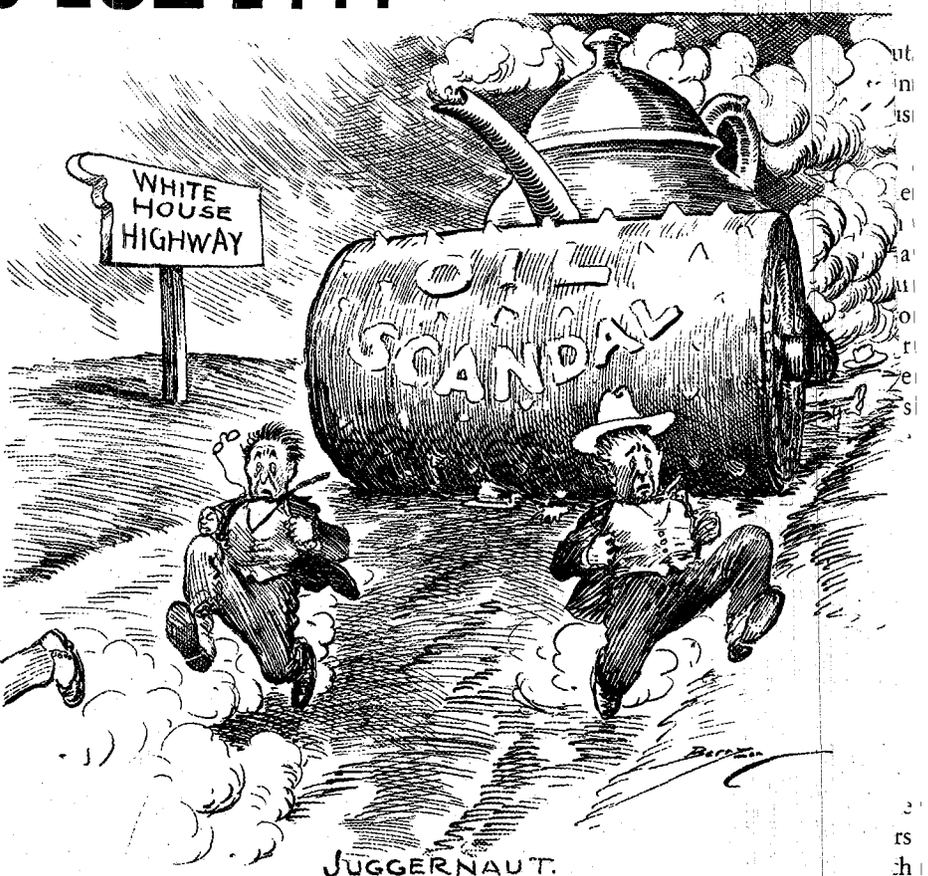

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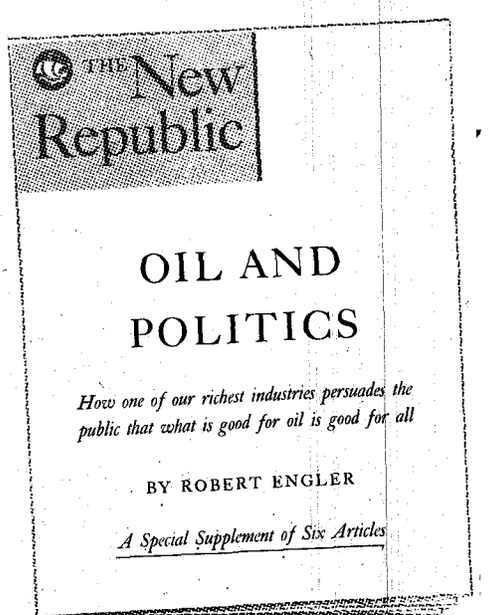
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